THE

HISTORY

OF

MARY WOOD,

THE HOUSEMAID;

Or, the Danger of False Excuses.

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THE HISTORY, &c.

R. HEARTWELL, the worthy
clergyman of a country pariſh,
ſitting in the porch of his little par-
ge, when he ſaw a figure rather fly-
than running down a hill near his
e, the ſwiftneſs of whoſe motion
e it hard to diſtinguiſh *what* ſhe
much leſs could he gueſs *who* ſhe
She fled directly towards him, and
herſelf at his feet almoſt breath-
with difficulty ſhe pronounced the
ls, 'O, ſir, ſave me! for pity's ſake
me in your houſe—they will be

here in a moment—hide me this inſt
—indeed I am innocent!' then, with
waiting for his anſwer, ſhe jumped
and ruſhed by him into the houſe,
good man ran after her, and catch
her hand led her up ſtairs into his
room, and putting her into a cl
within it, told her, no one ſhould c
there to hurt her. Then hearing a n
he looked out of his window and
ſeveral men and women running al
as faſt as the young woman had done
fore, and his maid Bridget who
ſeen them ſooner from her own wind
running to meet them, and to aſk
was the matter. He had forgotten
bid her to be ſilent about the young
man, indeed he did not know that
had ſeen her; but the truth is, ſhe
amuſing herſelf in a very idle man
with looking at the road out of
garret window, and had ſeen with g
ſuprize the wild behaviour of the
girl, which raiſed her curioſity.
ſhe now hoped to ſatisfy by ſtopping
poſſe that was running by; inſtea
anſwering her queſtions, they aſke
ſhe had ſeen a girl about ſeventeen

running from juſtice, paſs that way? at in a linen gown and green petti-t, ſaid ſhe, without a bonnet, and hair and her cap flying? 'the ſame, ſame,' they cried; 'which way did go?'—'Why, what do you want to with her, ſays Bridget; for I ſhould loth to betray the poor thing to any m.'—'Why you would not conceal hief, would you?' ſaid they. 'She thief and has robbed her maſter.'—y if ſhe be a thief, ſhe may rob my ſter too, ſays Bridget, for ſhe is gone tairs with him.' Upon this they all ed towards the houſe, and were ing in when Mr. Heartwell met n. He heard the laſt words, and not a little diſturbed at the idea of ing the girl found in his houſe, for he knelt at his feet he thought he w her face, and had by degrees re-ected that, tho' much grown ſince ſaw her, ſhe muſt certainly be the ghter of Matthew Wood, an honeſt urer, who had lived ſome years in his ſh, and died there three or four years re. The long illneſs before his h had reduced his wife to ſuch po-

verty, that ſhe and her child wo
have periſhed had not the good vic
charity helped out the ſcantineſs of
pariſh relief. Mr. Heartwell, after
ving buried the poor man, tried to
a place for the girl and ſome help for
mother, who being in years, and
health much injur'd by fatigue and g
in nurſing and loſing her huſband,
quite unable to work. By applying
Lady Worthy, whoſe ſeat was a
miles diſtant, he had the good fortun
get her into one of the alms-ho
which that good lady had built and
dowed; here ſhe was comfortably
ported, and her daughter permitted
be with her 'till ſhe could find a ſerv
As by theſe means Goody Wood and
daughter were placed at a diſtance f
him, Mr. Heartwell had not ſince
them; but was ſatisfied that under
dy Worthy's protection they would
taken care of.

The people who were now ruſhing
to Mr. Heartwell's houſe, ſtopped
ſeeing him; and on his aſking w
they wanted there, one of the moſt

t looking men ſtepped forward, and
hing the reſt a little back, ſaid, ‘ I ax
don, ſir, for our bouldneſs in coming
your Worſhip's houſe, but we have
a warrant here for a young perſon
we be tould ran in here.’—‘ A war-
t,’ ſaid Mr. Heartwell, ‘ why, what
he matter? what has ſhe done?
—‘ Pleaſe you Worſhip ſhe's a thief
has robbed her maſter's houſe. We
e had ſad doings at our village—
ire Banks's houſe has been robbed
by his gardener and dairy maid,
they are both gone off. This poor
, I ſuppoſe, learnt their wicked ways
ſhe would keep company with them)
the ſame night that they made off,
thought ſhe let them into Farmer
ucher's houſe; and in the morning
ſure as can be, he found his bureau
ke open and his money gone.’—‘ But
at proof is there that this girl was
ncerned in the robbery, or that ſhe let
the robbers?’—‘ Why, ſir, ſhe had
n telling a mort of lies about them,
d that made them ſuſpect her. So
y ſearched her box, and as ſure as
n be, there they found ſealed up in a

paper, ſix ſilver tea ſpoons of the fa
mer's, with an E and a B upon them
his are marked with. She perteſted th
were none of his'n, but were given
a friend to keep for her, but alack a da
there's no believing a word that com
out of her mouth; ſo nobody mind
her; and when we ax'd her who th
friend was that gave them to her to kee
ſhe was all as red as fire and would n
ſpeak. So the farmer left us to ta
care of her whilſt he went to Juſti
Gallway's for a warrant. We had ſh
her up ſafe as we thought in a chambe
whilſt we eat a bit of dinner and dra
a little of neighbour Boucher's ale, b
when he came back and we went thith
to take her, lo and behold ſhe was n
to be found. The window was ope
and as it was not very high from th
ground, we gueſs ſhe let herſelf dow
from it. We now ſet off in purſuit
her, all but the farmer, who being pret
fat and purſy was not for running a rac
—So he gave us the warrant, and a bo
telling us as how ſhe took this way, w
ran 'till we ſaw a woman running, abou
half a mile before us, but afterward

ve loſt ſight of her; and pleaſe your Worſhip, your maid tells us as how ſhe made into this very houſe.'—'It is true,' ſaid Mr. Heartwell, 'that ſhe is in my houſe, and if you will conſent to let her remain here a day or two, I will be anſwerable for her appearance when called upon. In the mean time I will endeavour to find out the truth; for it would be a ſad thing to ruin ſuch a young creature, by hurrying her to priſon before we were ſure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honeſt humane man, he knows my character, and I dare ſay will oblige me by ſtopping all further proceedings againſt Mary Wood, and leaving her in my care 'till I can talk to her and bring her to declare the truth.'--'That's what ſhe is not much uſed to, I am afraid, ſir,' ſaid the man, 'howſomdever, I will tell neighbour Boucher what your Worſhip ſays, and you'll be pleaſed to take care that ſhe does not get out of the window.'—'Boucher's wife is living, is ſhe not? (ſaid Mr. Heartwell) what does ſhe ſay of the girl? She muſt know more of her character than her maſter can.'—'Yes, yes! ſhe

be living and looking, and a good kin
of body ſhe is, but at preſent ſhe is fro
home and knows nothing of all th
buſtle; for ſhe went two days ago t
viſit her father at Stoke. She is expec
ed home to night, and then your Wo
ſhip may have the ſpeech of her if yo
like.' They then pulled off their ha
and civilly turned back to their villag
Mr. Heartwell immediately went up t
his priſoner, whom he found ſunk on th
ground in his cloſet and half dead wit
terror; for ſhe had heard a good deal
what had paſſed, and feared every mo
ment, that Mr. Heartwell would giv
her up to be dragged to priſon. Sh
knew ſhe had been detected in ſom
falſehoods, that would make againſt her
and though ſhe was not guilty of th
robbery, ſhe had enough to reproa
herſelf with, to take from her all th
comfort and confidence of innocence
ſhe had therefore nothing leſs than th
terrors of hanging, or being ſent to B
tany Bay, before her eyes.

But we muſt go back, and tell by what deceit poor Mary was firſt brought into trouble.

When firſt Lady Worthy took her up, ſhe got her a place at Mrs. Trueby's, a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighbouring town. She had a little boy about ſix years old, her two maids were growing old in her ſervice; ſhe took this girl to help them. The next day after ſhe came, ſhe bid her own maid ſhew her how to ſweep and duſt the beſt parlour. The maid, after ſhewing her what ſhe was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier glaſs which ſhe herſelf would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her ſweeping. The little boy who had not ſeen any thing ſo young and lively in the houſe, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no leſs fond of him; he ſtaid in the room to ſee her ſweep it, and ſhe to amuſe him at the ſame time, gave him an account of the wonders he had ſeen performed in the ſtreets the day before, by a balance-maſter, who poized a long pole on the palm of his

hand, and even upon his nose, with other performances, which though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared so to her, who had never seen any thing like it. To make little Edward comprehend what she meant by this balancing, she attempted to poize the long broom, setting the small end on the palm of her hand, but not succeeding, it fell on one side, and unfortunately struck the pier glass and broke it. Poor Mary cried out she was undone, and begged Edward, if he had any pity, not to say she did it. 'Who then?' said he, 'you will not say it was I?' 'No indeed,' said she, 'I will not lay it upon anybody; only don't you contradict what I shall say.' By this time, Mrs. Trueby, who heard the smash of the glass, had hastened down stairs and came into the room. 'What glass did I hear crack?' said she—'O Mary! my precious pier glass, the best piece of furniture in my house, and a present from a dear friend who is now no more, quite spoilt! I valued it above ten times its price! Is this your awkardness, Mary?' Poor Mary stood pale and trembling; but an-

wered, 'No indeed, madam.' 'Who id it then?' ſaid ſhe, raiſing her voice, A great bird, madam, (I don't know whether it was a pigeon) flew in at the window. I tried to drive it out, and it aſhed againſt the glaſs with it's bill, nd cracked it as you ſee.' Little Edward who was aſtoniſhed at her inventin and aſſurance, looked amazed, ſhruged up his ſhoulders, and could ſcarce elp laughing; his mother obſerved it, nd ſo did Mary, who giving him a ink, ſaid, 'Maſter Edward knows it true, for he ſaw it as well as I.' 'O e, Mary,' ſaid the boy—'that's too uch—I would not have told upon you, t when you ſay I know it to be true, ou make me a liar as well as yourlf, and my mamma ſays, if I tell lies od almighty will not love me.' 'Wickl girl,' ſaid the lady, 'would you teach y child to lie? pack up and be gone t of my houſe; and you Edward, I arge you, tell me the truth.' Upon is the child related the fact, and add—pray mamma forgive her, it was trying to divert *me*, that ſhe came by e accident.' 'No, my dear,' ſaid his

mother, 'I cannot forgive her; fooli
and careleſs as it was, and grieved as
am for my favourite glaſs, I could hav
forgiven her my loſs; and though
ſpoke haſtily at firſt, I ſhould ſoon hav
conſidered her awkardneſs and paſſed
over; but a girl that can ſo readily in
vent a lie, and try to draw *you* into i
I cannot poſſibly ſuffer to ſtay a day i
my houſe; if you learn to tell lies, i
would break my heart. The good lad
however, fearing the girl might get in
to miſchief, after much kind exhortat
on, determined herſelf to carry he
back to Lady Worthy, aſſuring her tha
ſhe would not have parted with the gi
on acccount of the accident, had it no
been for the daring falſehood with whic
ſhe attempted to excuſe it. Lady Wo
thy equally ſhocked ſent for Good
Wood, and told her what had been he
daughter's behaviour; adding; that ſh
had put it out of *her* power to ſerve he
for ſhe could never again venture to re
commend her. The poor woman wa
quite overcome with grief, and did no
dare attempt to excuſe Mary's fault
but took her home in an agony of ſo

ow, where the girl had the mortifica-
ion to ſee that ſhe had not only ruined
erſelf but made her mother completely
miſerable. And indeed the poor woman
ecame ſo ill, that ſhe began to fear that
he ſhould be the cauſe of her death;
his affected her very much, and for a
ime ſhe was truly penitent, and reſol-
ed never again to ſpeak falſely; but
o ſtrong is cuſtom, and ſo weak was the
rinciple on which ſhe acted in her
ind, that when ſhe ſaw her mother re-
over, ſhe ſoon returned to her little
ricks and falſe excuſes. It was no won-
er ſhe did not reform, for ſhe had no
ear of offending God. Nobody took
ny notice of her, and the burden of
maintaining her fell heavy on her mo-
her, and kept them both in extreme
overty. At length a gentlewoman who
new the ſtory, and was concerned that
o young a creature ſhould be ruined,
as prevailed upon, as ſhe had no chil-
ren, to ſend for her. She aſked the
irl why ſhe was diſmiſſed from Mrs.
rueby's, to which ſhe replied, 'it was
or breaking a pier glaſs.' 'And was
hat the only reaſon of her turning you

away so suddenly?' the girl looked sul
len, held down her head, and said, '
believe so,' 'Go,' said the lady, 'yo
will not do for me. I see you are no
cured of your vile fault, and I will no
take one whose word I can never depen
on.' So home went Mary with a heav
heart, and after trying to evade her mo
ther's questions, was at last obliged t
confess what had passed; this renewe
all the grief of this poor parent, an
Mary was again in disgrace, and agai
promised to speak truth for the futur
but never begged of God for his grac
to enable her so to do. Mary grew ta
and strong, and was a well-looking goo
humoured girl, and lively, though ke
down by poverty and disgrace. At la
a farmer's wife, who lived about tw
miles from her mother's, took her
her servant, and was for some time we
pleased with her. In the same villag
lived a gentleman whose name w
Banks; he was gone on a tour, and le
his gardener and dairy maid to tak
care of the house; these servants, wh
made very free with their master's pr
perty in every way, used to call in M

when ſhe went by on an errand. he gardener gave her fruit, and the iry maid treated her with cream, and metimes a ſyllabub. Theſe calls re- ired excuſes from her, for ſtaying on r errands. One day that they ſaw r paſſing by, they told her they were ing in the evening to the fair, and ked her to go with them. She replied, e was ſure ſhe could not get leave to that evening, for they were going to iſh their great waſh—'pooh! pooh!' d they, 'you *muſt* go—'tis the laſt y of the fair, and there is a tall wo- n and a dwarf, and I know not what be ſeen.' Mary's curioſity was ſtrong- tempted, and ſhe ſaid ſhe would what ſhe could do. So ſhe went to r miſtreſs and told her ſhe had a meſ- e from her mother, to let her know was very ill, and begged ſhe would, poſſible get leave to come to her. rs. Boucher (her miſtreſs) was ve- good natur'd and ſaid ſhe was loth keep her from her mother on ſuch an caſion, but did not know how to ſpare , they were ſo very buſy. Mary d 'if ſhe would be kind enough to

let her go at five o'clock ſhe would wo e a
very hard 'till then,' and to this h ſh
miſtreſs conſented. Before that ho l
Mary ran up to her garret, dreſt he
ſelf in a minute, and flew to M A
Banks's time enough to join her frien en
ſetting out for the fair. When they h ſe
been gone about an hour, her moth r
who unluckily had ſome buſineſs t at
way, called to aſk her daughter how a
did; the miſtreſs, who herſelf let her ad
was amazed to ſee her, and the poor w rſ
man was thunderſtruck, when ſhe he ſſin
that the girl had pretended ſhe was on
and had ſent for her—and greatly al re
med to think where ſhe could be go rga
She went about the village inquiring ve
her, and at laſt met a countryman at
knew, who told her ſhe need not fe t
any harm. for he was juſt come fr :
the fair, where he ſaw her daughter w ng
a man and a woman at a booth choo it
ribbons; this did not comfort the m
ther, who went back to implore t t
clemency of Mrs. Boucher towa r
her imprudent child. Moved by h es
tears, and conſidering the force of cu ne
oſity and vanity in a girl of ſevente ry

e at laſt promiſed not to turn her away
ſhe made proper ſubmiſſions, but to
y her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the
ening ſhe met one who told her what
ſearch her mother had been making
r her; this threw her into a terror
at ſpoilt all the pleaſure ſhe had enjoy-
at the fair. She came home half
ad with fear and fatigue, and threw
erſelf at the feet of her miſtreſs, con-
ſſing her fault, and making ſolemn
romiſes never to repeat it; after ſe-
re reprimands, her miſtreſs at length
gave her, on condition that ſhe ſhould
ver again hold any acquaintance with
at gardener and dairy maid, of whom
e told her ſhe had heard a bad charac-
: Mary wept and promiſed every
ing; and though the cream and the
it were ſtrong allurements, added to
civil things the gardener uſed to
to her, yet for ſome time ſhe forbore
r viſits at Mr. Banks's, but by de-
ees, the acquaintance was ſecretly
newed, which coſt Mary a falſehood
ery time ſhe was with theſe people,

whoſe company her miſtreſs had ſo p
ſitively forbidden. One day M
Boucher went to pay a viſit of two
three days at her father's, a few mi
off. The farmer could not go with h
for he was buſy ſelling his grain, a
getting his rent ready for his landlor
and had got the money in the ho
on the Saturday, which he meant
pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went o
charging Mary to ſtay at home and
careful of the houſe: her two frien
from Mr. Banks's took the opportun
of her being alone, to come and dri
tea with her; they had got notice of t
farmer's having ſold his grain, and
they intended to rob their maſter's hou
and go off with the ſpoil the next nig
the gardener thought he might as w
take the farmer's money with him;
remembered he had once bought fo
dung for his garden of him, and that
ſaw him put the money in a bureau,
a little parlour.

While Mary was getting tea, the gar-
ner puſhed open the parlour door, and
d, O here is a clever little cool room,
us remove the things in here. When
y had got into that room, he ſaw the
eau, conſidered the lock, and then
king out at the window, he took oc-
on, unobſerved by Mary, to exa-
ne the faſtenings, and how he could
ly get in at night. Whilſt he was
s employed, one of the farmer's
ughboys paſſing by, obſerved this man
king out at his maſter's window; he
ndered at it, becauſe he knew the
mer was not at home.

Mary took care to diſmiſs her gueſts
ore her maſter's return; and on aſking
if any one had been there, ſhe re-
d *nobody*. The next morning when
cher came down into the little room,
ſaw his bureau broken open, and the
that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his peo-
and the ploughboy mentioned his
ing ſeen Mr. Banks's gardener look-
out of the window, and ſaid he had

heard that the two ſervants were g
off that morning, and had robbed
Banks's houſe of plate, and whate
they could carry off. This, compa
with what the ploughboy had obſer
and with Mary's having denied
any body had been there, fixed
ſuſpicion on her as having been c
cerned in the robbery. She was for
to confeſs that Mr. Banks's ſerva
were with her in the afternoon to
but ſtrongly denied knowing any th
of the robbery; however they ope
her box, there they found ſix new ſi
tea-ſpoons marked with the firſt let
of Boucher's name, ſealed up in a
per. The farmer knew his wife
ſix new ones from London not
before, and doubted not theſe
the ſame. The girl's guilt now app
ed plain.

But to return to Mr. Heart
whom we left entering the cloſe
which Mary was, as ſoon as her pu
ers were gone. Though he by
means knew all that we have rel
of this unhappy girl, he ſaw that

rances were ſtrong againſt her. Yet was very unwilling to believe the ſt, and immediately raiſed her with dneſs from the ground. 'Mary,' he, 'if you will now be perfectly ere with me, I will befriend you as ch as juſtice will permit. I find the ef cauſe of your being ſo ſtrongly pected is, that you have departed m the truth; this is always attended h great danger as well as guilt; you e been enough inſtructed in religi- to know that deceit is hateful to d; that he has denounced dreadful niſhment for liars—even "the lake burneth with brimſtone and fire;" he has commanded "every one to away lying, and to ſpeak the truth his neighbour from his heart; that ng lips are an abomination to the d, but truth is his delight." For my t, I pity your youth, and I wiſh to e and ſerve you, but unleſs I can e to cure you of this fault, I muſt h a grieved heart give you up to your tched fate, for it is impoſſible for me o you any good.' Whilſt he ſpoke eye filled with tears, and poor Ma-

ry cried without ceaſing. She now
ed to ſpeak, but her ſobs prevented h
at laſt, ſhe ſaid, 'I ſee that I have
done myſelf, that even you, who ar
good, will never more believe me,
give me up to miſery and deſpair
would now moſt truly confeſs to y
every thing, but you will not, you c
not believe me! and I ſhall juſtly ſu
for what I have not done, becauſ
have made myſelf unworthy of bel
O ſir, what can I do? Is there no pl
for repentance? no good Chriſtian w
will try me once again? Will you
at leaſt hear me if you cannot belie
me, whilſt I tell you of all my ſins, a
the ſad diſgraces they have brought
on me?' 'I will hear you,' ſaid
good old man, 'but if you now dece
me, or hide any thing from me, I w
never more concern myſelf about y
but muſt leave you to reap the bit
fruits of your baſeneſs of heart.' M
ry now threw herſelf at his feet—kiſ
his hands—and bathed them with h
tears. 'O ſir,' ſhe ſaid, 'God kno
I have no wiſh to deceive or to hide a
thing from you, if I do, I conſent t

ſhall give me up for ever.' She told what we have before related. en ſhe came to the article of the tea- ns, he deſired her to explain whoſe were, and how ſhe came by them. told him that on the Sunday even- when Mr. Banks's maid and gar- er drank tea with her, the former going away took her aſide, and gi- her a little parcel ſealed up beg- of her to put that in her box and it for her till ſhe ſent for it; the on of this ſhe would tell her when met again. She went away with- giving Mary time to aſk another tion. She was confuſed when aſked t the ſpoons, becauſe ſhe thought ſhould betray her friend, and be- e ſhe was aſhamed to confeſs the in- cy ſhe had kept up with her, againſt miſtreſs's orders and her own pro- s. How the ſpoons came to be ked with Boucher's letters, E. B. could not imagine; for the woman's e who gave them to her was Sarah er.

Mr. Heartwell kept Mary that nig
and took pains to impreſs on her a de
ſenſe of her ſin. Next day they ha
viſit from farmer Boucher, who t
them that his wife on her return, e
mined her drawer, and found the ſpo
ſafe as ſhe had left them. They w
marked with the ſame letters as th
found in Mary's box; and as the farm
had ſcarce looked at them ſince th
came home, he did not obſerve that
others were not exactly like them.
this was the only poſitive proof alled
againſt Mary, the farmer now pro
ſed to give her no farther troub
though he ſtill knew ſhe had entertai
the robbers the day before: on this
count he would by no means take
again into his houſe, but paid her
little wages due to her, and diſmi
her from his ſervice. Mr. Heartw
who was pleaſed to find her accoun
far true, tried to perſuade the Bou
ers to let her ſtay with them a li
while at leaſt, as a juſtification of
character; but they were ſo diſgu
with her having kept up the acqu

ce with theſe bad people in defiance
heir orders and her own promiſes,
they could not think themſelves
with ſuch a ſervant in the houſe.
l Mr. Heartwell, with all the com-
ion he felt for her, could not venture
reſs them, nor to anſwer for her fu-
conduct. However, he promiſed
if ſhe kept her preſent reſolutions,
would befriend her as much as he
ld. He put ſome proper books into
hands and took her to her mother,
m they found almoſt diſtracted by
news which had reached her, of her
ghter having been taken up for a
bery; the poor woman every day
w worſe after this ſhock, and ſome
ks after, her wretched daughter re-
ved her dying forgiveneſs, but could
er forgive herſelf for the anguiſh ſhe
cauſed her mother, which ſhe was
uaded had haſtened her end.

oor Mary had another ſorrow. In
village where ſhe had lived with
er Boucher, was a creditable baker,
ſon Thomas was bred up to the bu-

ſineſs, and was a very honeſt, ſo
agreeable young man. He had o
beſtowed kind looks and kind words
Mary, but had not ventur'd to m
her an offer, as he thought his fa
would never conſent to his marrying
poor a girl. She, on her ſide, li
him well enough to wiſh he would ſp
out. A little before the unfortu
affair at Boucher's, the old baker d
his ſon ſucceeded to his ſhop and all
property, and was well eſteem
Whilſt poor Mary was nurſing her
ing mother, this young man had oc
on to call at Mr. Heartwell's, who o
heard him in talk with his maid Br
et about Mary, and lament the ſad
grace that had befallen her, he ad
'I am ſure it has been a great con
to me; for I own I liked the young
man; and now that I am my own
ter ſhould have tried to obtain he
my wife, had ſhe preſerved a b
character.' Bridget put in a good w
for her, and aſſured him that her m
believed her entirely innocent o
robbery; to this he replied, 'whe

e had any knowledge of the wicked
tentions of thoſe vile ſervants nobo-
can know, but thus much has been
early proved, that ſhe denied the truth
their having been with her, and had
oke her ſolemn promiſes to her miſ-
ſs, by keeping them company for
ne time, therefore ſhe is no wife for
. I could not be happy unleſs I
ld make a friend of my wife, and
pend on her truth and faithfulneſs.
r pretty face and good humour would
nothing to me, without truth and
neſty. Next to a good conſcience,
beſt thing is a good character. I
s God I have never forfeited my
n; nor will I ever marry a woman
t has loſt her's.' Mr. Hearwell
s much pleaſed with the young ba-
s way of thinking, and very ſorry
t Mary had loſt ſuch a huſband. As
chief concern was to compleat the
r young creature's reformation, he
ght nothing would make ſo deep
mpreſſion on her mind as this mor-
ng conſequence of her ill behavi-
: he reſolved on telling her all that

the young man had ſaid. He did
and ſhe took it ſo much to heart
ſhe never after held up her head.
mother's death, which happened
after, left her without any earthly
fort. What before was liking, was
changed into a ſtrong affection; ſhe
what a happy lot would have been
had ſhe been as true and honeſt as
man ſhe liked. She loſt all her ſpir
and her mind was always full of bi
remorſe and ſhame. She thought
deſerved all the miſery ſhe felt,
only prayed that God would accept
ſorrow for her ſin. She made no
plaints; but her looks ſhewed
heath, as well as peace of mind,
forſaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her
quit the almſhouſe, and ſhe then
Mr. Heartwell that ſhe was unabl
bear the diſgrace ſhe had brought u
herſelf in that neighbourhood, and
reſolved to go and get bread in ſ
diſtant country, where ſhe was
known. The good man, who felt li

er for every one of his flock when
iſtreſs, tried to ſooth her and to
ade her to ſtay where ſhe was,
to look to her heavenly friend, but
could not prevail. She could not
the thoughts of living near Tho-
whom ſhe had loſt forever. So
vicar gave her what he could ſpare
ay her journey, and maintain her
ſhe could get an employment; he
gave her a letter to a clergyman
lived about fifty miles off, begging
to get her into ſome honeſt ſervice.
took leave of him with an almoſt
en heart, and grew ſo ill and weak
her journey, that when ſhe carried
etter to the clergyman, he told her
appeared too ill for ſervice. In a
days ſhe grew a little better, told
ſhe thought ſhe could now get her
d if he would have the goodneſs to
mmend her: that ſhe cared not how
the place or the wages were if ſhe
d but be maintained, and would do
n her power to give ſatisfaction.
oon got her into a ſervice, hard
ur ſoon haſtened on a decline which

her ſorrows had begun, and ſhe ſ
became ſo ill that nothing better c
be done for her than to place her i
hoſpital.

Whilſt ſhe was there, a letter f
Mr. Heartwell informed her that
vile ſeducers were taken, tried and
ecuted. The ſpoons were claimed
Elizabeth Bearcroft, Mr. Banks's ho
keeper. Sarah Fiſher had found t
locked up in a cupboard after the
of the ſtolen plate was packed up.
put them into her pocket as ſhe was
ing to farmer Boucher's on the Sun
but recollecting that perhaps the ma
upon them might lead to her detect
in caſe of misfortune, ſhe ſuddenly
it into her head, as ſhe was going a
to leave them with Mary, as before
lated. Mr. Heartwell had taken
pains to viſit theſe people in priſon
ter their condemnation, and had
from the woman a confirmation of
poor girl's account. Mary languiſ
ſeveral weeks in the hoſpital, and me
ly applied her whole mind to ob

forgiveneſs of God, through the
its of a Saviour.

The good clergyman aſſiſted her in
great work of repentance, and point-
out to her the only true grounds on
ich ſhe could hope to obtain it.

Thus death, brought on by grief and
me at eighteen years of age, was the
ſequence of bad company, falſe
miſes, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May
who read this ſtory, learn to walk
the ſtrait paths of truth. The way
uty is the way of ſafety. But " the
ked fleeth when no man purſueth,
e the righteous is bold as a lion.'

Next week will be publiſhed the Hiſtory of
Fantom.

THE

BAD BARGAIN,

OR THE

WORLD SET UP TO SAL

THE devil, as the Scriptures ſhew
Tempts ſinful mortals high and low
And always acting well his part,
He ſuits his bribes to every heart:
See there the prince of darkneſs ſta
With baits for ſouls in both his han

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a ſceptre for a ſoul;
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a ſtar and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him juſt to take a penſio

Some are ſo fir'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they w
Give alms, or ſally forth and fight;
Prefer man's praiſe to God's ſalvati
And ſell their ſouls for reputation.

But the great gift, the mighty brib
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,

hich thouſands ſeize with eager haſte,
d all deſire at leaſt to taſte,
—plodding reader!—what d'ye think?
as!—'tis money—money—chink!

nd the wide world the tempter flies,
eſents to view the glittering prize;
how he goes from ſhore to ſhore,
d how the nations all adore:
ls flock by thouſands to be ſold,
t with the love of filthy gold.

at yon needy tradeſman's ſhop,
e univerſal tempter ſtop; [ſures,
ouldſt thou' he cries 'increaſe thy trea-
lighter weights, and ſcantier meaſures,
us ſhalt thou thrive;' the trader's wil-
ing,
ſells his ſoul to get a ſhilling.

t Satan to a farmer hies,
corn to cheat the farmer cries,
his whole heart on wealth was bent,
ſo the devil was content;
markets riſe, and riches roll,
Satan quite ſecures his ſoul.

k next yon cheerful youth ſo jolly,
nd of laughter and of folly;
ates a ſtingy, griping fellow,
gets each day a little mellow;

To Satan too he ſells his ſoul
In barter for a flowing bowl.

Thus Satan tries each different ſtate,
With mighty bribes he tempts the gr
The poor with equal force he plies,
But wins them with an humbler priz
Has gentle art for young beginners,
And fouler ſins for older ſinners.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thouſand ſwindling tricks he plays
And promiſes, but never pays us;
Thus we, poor fools, are ſtrangely cau
And find we've ſold our ſouls for nou

Nay oft, with quite a juggler's art,
He bids the proffer'd gift depart;
Some pleaſure ſets before our face,
Then claps a trouble in it's place;
Sends ſome huge loſs inſtead of gai
And conjures rapture into pain.

Be wiſe then, oh, ye worldly tribe,
Nor ſell your conſcience for a bribe
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Reſiſt him, and refuſe to ſin:
Bad is their bargain, on the whole,
Who gain the world and loſe a ſoul.